



## FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD.

Bertie. "GERTIE, DO JUST GO BACK TO THE BEACH AND FETCH ME A BABY (YOU'LL FIND A LOT ABOUT), AND I'LL SHOW YOU ALL THE DIFFERENT WAYS OF SAVING IT FROM DROWNING!"

MR. PUNCH'S REPRESENTATIVE  
AT RENNES.

It must not be supposed that the most important journal in the world has no representative at Rennes. The *Figaro*, the admirable opponent of the disreputable *Petit Journal*, has a crowd of representatives—shorthand writers, type-writing clerks, proof-readers, and telegraph messengers. Mr. Punch, on hearing of these arrangements, at once commanded his Chief Special Foreign Commissioner to make adequate arrangements on his behalf. The Chief Special Foreign Commissioner had at that time a cold in his head, and the Assistant Special Foreign Commissioner was, and is—but his present address must not be divulged: it suffices to say that he is closely watching the course of affairs at Pretoria, and was last heard of at Folkestone.

It therefore became the duty of the Principal Foreign Correspondent to make

all the arrangements. These took some time. When at last houses were about to be hired, and special steamers and special trains engaged for the accommodation and conveyance of an immense staff, the news arrived of bloodshed and disorder, such as might be expected in a South American Republic. Mr. Punch, ever foremost in tender regard for the welfare of his assistants, at once issued orders that no one was to go to a town, where the police have shown themselves more incapable than the soldiers of a Chinese Mandarin. The innumerable stenographers and others begged to be allowed to risk their lives, but Mr. Punch was firm.

Finally he yielded to the entreaties of the Principal Foreign Correspondent, a man of dauntless courage and unsurpassed skill, and permitted him to go alone. It was a sad moment when this brave man said farewell to his comrades, and started on his perilous and lonely mission. As telegrams arrive from him they will be

published, but Mr. Punch does not intend, at present, to issue any special editions. Up to the time of going to press the following despatches had arrived.

BRIGHTON, 7 P.M.—I have reached this town, which I have selected as the largest, and therefore the safest, on the Sussex coast. I have accomplished the first fifty miles of my journey without incident. The new Pullman car was very comfortable. The sun was rather hot, except in the tunnels.

LATER.—There are crowds of people on the pier, but perfect tranquillity prevails. If all continues calm, I hope to push on to Dieppe shortly.

1 A.M. (by Special Post-card).—There is no change in the situation.

"TO REVIVE THE APPARENTLY  
DROWNED."

[The latest way, according to the daily papers, is to cover the subject all over with salt, a fly being the *corpus vile* usually selected for the experiment.]

"BUSY, curious, thirsty fly,"

Tell me, pray, the reason why,  
Diving from my milk-jug's rim,  
You essay a morning swim?  
My conjecture, somewhat bold, is—  
You've been reading WILLIAM OLDYS!

"Make the most of life you may,  
Life is short and wears away;  
Yours, I rather think, will end  
Somewhat soon, my little friend—  
In my milk in half a minute,  
Since you've chosen to get in it.

There! You're well and truly drowned,  
But for you a use I've found;  
Yes, I've laid you out in state  
Salt-embedded on my plate,  
Doing, if you'd know my reason,  
Honour to the "Silly Season."

I must leave you, worthy fly,  
Should we meet no more—good-bye!  
Your salvation I've contrived,  
You will surely be revived,  
Thus the assertion of the dailies  
Bearing out—*cum grano salis*.

[On the poet's return some hours afterwards his breakfast had been cleared away, and the fly was nowhere to be seen!—a fact which proves up to the hilt the entire success of this important and astounding scientific experiment.]



## THE INGRATITUDE OF SOME SERVANTS.

YOU GIVE THEM A CHANGE BY TAKING THEM TO THE SEA-SIDE—ALL THEY HAVE TO DO IS TO LOOK AFTER THE CHILDREN—AND YET THEY DON'T SEEM TO APPRECIATE IT.



"SO LONG!"

Lion (to Kangaroo), "WELL PLAYED, SIR!" Kangaroo, "SAME TO YOU, SIR! NEXT TIME WE COME OVER, WE HOPE TO PLAY WITHOUT THAT OLD GENTLEMAN'S INTERFERENCE!"

## PATRIOTICS.

(From a Traveller's Log-book.)

## II.—THE LONDON PENNY STEAMER.

COME, Clio, patroness of classic lays  
(Since there's no pre-historic Muse to  
summon),

Wake up, and sing a prosy ode in praise  
Of antic craft—a theme you can't be  
dumb on!

Sing of those venerable penny boats  
That ply upon our immemorial River,  
Croon o'er the most archaic fleet that  
floats,  
Chant while its paddle-wheels and tim-  
bers shiver!

Where else, the wide world over, could  
you find  
Such strange, pathetic nautical sur-  
vivals?  
No Ancient Mariner can call to mind,  
For ark-like, primitive design, their  
rivals.

Though Paris, Petersburg, and Amsterdam  
Luxuriate in steam-yachts neat and  
handy,  
Should JOHN BULL follow aliens like a lamb  
And imitate their *modus operandi*?

Perish the thought! Let Cockneys ever  
crowd  
On dingy *Citizens* from time-worn stages!  
Why should new-fangled comforts be  
allowed?

Nay, let's still linger in the Middle  
Ages!

## THE POINT OF VIEW.—VI.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I know that you're  
not a gent to grudge an extra coin to  
cabby, or to carry a tape-measure in your  
waistcoat-pocket to see if you've got your



proper shilling's worth. So I write to you,  
putting cabby's side of the question. Last  
night I drove two gents from the West End  
to a theatre. Their dinner had cost them



## TOURING IN ALGIERS.

Arab (as Mr. and Mrs. Smith appear). "SH! YOU WANT A GUIDE! I AM ZE BEST GUIDE  
IN ALGER! FOR FIVE FRANC I TAKE YOU TO ARAB CAFÉ VARE INGLEES NOT 'LOWED.  
FOR TEN FRANC I SHOW YOU ZE STREET VARE IT IS DANGEROUS FOR ZE INGLEES FOR TO  
GO. AND FOR TWENTY FRANC—SH!—I STAND YOU ON ZE BLACE VARE ZE LAST INGLEES  
TOURIST VOS GOT SHOT!" [Mr. and Mrs. Smith wish they were back in England.]

half-a-sov., maybe, or more; they were  
smoking shilling weeds, and, likely enough  
they had tipped the waiter half-a-dollar, and  
the boy that ticketed their coats, another  
tanner. "What's your fare, cabman?"  
says one sternly. "Eighteenpence, my  
Lord," I says, modestly. "Eighteenpence!  
Eighteenpence!! Good heavens! What a  
swindle!" they both cried, and, 'pon my  
word, Mr. Punch, I thought they would  
have fainted right away down on the  
pavement. Then one of them, he gave me  
a bob, and his card, "to summons him,"  
he said, "if I wanted to." Now, Sir,  
what makes the public so darned mean  
with cabby? He stands out or crawls out  
fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in  
wet or dry (and mostly the dry is worse  
than the wet) to be ready always and  
everywhere to go anywhere! He has to  
dress like a swell, and after he has paid  
his way he hasn't a dollar left. He has  
the buses and the trams and the motor-  
cars (not to mention the bikes) picking up  
his customers all the time, and now the  
Bobbies are down on us and, if you please,  
we're not quite good enough for the Strand!

I am, Yours respectfully,  
NOT A GROWLER.

## HAMPERS AND MORALS.

[A Schoolmaster's Wife complains in the *Daily Chronicle* of the effect of Tuck upon the ethics of schoolboys, and advocates ordinary school diet.]

O SCHOOLBOYS, for the future ban  
All tuck (I think I see you do it);  
Shun mawkishness and marzipan,  
Or rue it!

Lo, peppermint and passion go  
Together, blent like sand and coffee;  
And simple faith can never flow  
From toffee.

So hearken HARRY, TOM, and FRED,  
And fling your hampers in the gutter;  
Great minds can only spring from bread  
And butter.

## TO CRICKET CORRESPONDENTS.

N. QUIRER.—Certainly, the "hat trick" is  
performed with a bowler.

F. IVER.—If you are hard up you will prob-  
ably be stumped.

B. UTTER.—If you cannot catch it, chuck it.  
"Stop it" for the rest of this season.

BEGINNER.—"Out first bawl" generally  
raises a shout.





Shooting Tenant (just arrived for the Grouse). "WHAT A BEAUTIFUL PLACE TO LIVE, DOUGALD!"  
 Dougald, "IT'S NO A BAD PLACE TO LIVE. BUT WHAT WAD YE THINK O' HAVIN' TO TRAVEL FIFTEEN MILES FOR A GLASS O' WHISKY?"  
 S. T. "BUT WHY DON'T YOU BUY SOME AND KEEP IT?"  
 Dougald, "AH, MON, BUT WHISKY WILL NA' KEEP!"

MR. PUNCH'S DRAMATIC RECIPES.  
No. V.—HOW TO BE A DRAMATIC CRITIC.

DRAMATIC critics are of three kinds. They may either write about themselves, or about the play, or about MACREADY. Most of them prefer to write about MACREADY, especially in the Daily Papers.

If you decide to belong to the third class, what is called a "good dramatic library" is essential to your success. In other words, you should make a point of possessing a few volumes of theatrical reminiscences, and Dr. DORAN's work on the stage.

With this modest equipment success is assured. When a popular actor plays *Hamlet*, or a popular actress *Juliet*, you have only to get down one or two of these well-worn tomes from your shelves and a whole arsenal of interesting facts lies open to you. You will recall how PHELPS played the Dane in 18—, and how GARRICK produced COLLEY CIBBER's adaptation. How Mrs. SIDONS electrified her audiences at "The Lane," and PEG WOFFINGTON captivated all beholders. Above all, you will remember to allude to MACREADY. Without MACREADY no criticism of SHAKESPEARE, from this standpoint, is complete.

If you decide to belong to the first class—and modern taste rather leans in this direction, especially in the weekly Reviews—your task will still be an easy one. Your JAEGER clothing or your vegetarian preference for pease pudding, the cut of your coat or an altercation with your cabman will form the backbone of your article, and if, at the fog end, you can spare a line

or two for the play, your readers, and the dramatist, will be more than grateful.

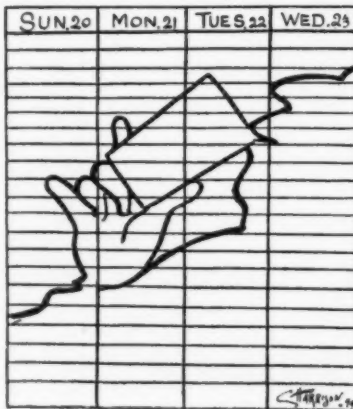
Lastly, you may, as we have seen, elect to write about the play. In this case it is important to remember that a judicial attitude is entirely out of place. Either a play is indecent and incompetent and absurd, or else it is a masterpiece and "marks an epoch in contemporary drama." To allow that a poor play has good points, or that a good play has defects, is tantamount to saying that it is a masterpiece.

mount to a confession of incapacity and distrust in your own judgment. It is "hedging," and good sportsmen never "hedge."

In order to be a thoroughly successful dramatic critic, a slight acquaintance with recent French drama is almost essential. One or two plays by DUMAS and SCRIBE should be read, if necessary in a translation, together with some of the works of SARDOU. IBSEN, too, you should be able to refer to with at least an appearance of knowledge; but you can learn all you need to learn of his characters from *Mr. Punch's Pocket Ibsen*, which should be in every dramatic critic's library.

From time to time you will be called upon to criticise the performance of French or German or Italian companies visiting London. A smattering of the language in which the plays are performed is useful, but may be dispensed with. So long as you praise the performances enthusiastically your ignorance is hardly likely to be found out.

In criticising the acting of a play, you should be guided wholly by the status of the actors. Thus the performance of the highly salaried players should receive unstinted praise, and that of the actor-manager (it is not the least blessing of his happy position) adulation. Less known performers may be mentioned with less enthusiasm, and minor personages may even be alluded to with marked disfavour. This will lend to your judgments that air of fine discrimination which will add to their weight.



### RESULT OF THE RECENT WEATHER—FROM OBSERVATIONS.

Glass evidently going up. Latest indications—  
Bar. 3.30. Steady. Qy. later.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

MESSES. J. M. DENT, of Aldine House, are hereby complimented on having arrived at the sixty-fifth (is it not?) volume of their excellent pocket series of English classics in prose and poetry, whereof the latest specimen immediately under the Baron's notice, but not by any means "beneath" it, is *Men and Women*, by ROBERT BROWNING. Of this work the first edition was published in 1855, ere the poet's latterday mannerisms had not infrequently obscured his meaning even from the intelligence of the highly-favoured elect. Such easily portable editions, as this and a somewhat similar set of Sir WALTER SCOTT's novels from the same firm, appeal to the general reading public, and especially to that portion of it which may be distinguished as "Travelling Fellows."

*Transgression*, by S. S. THORBURN (PEARSONS), is a study of Indian life, full of interest and variety. It opens in the Resident's house in Pechistan, on the north-west frontier of India, and after an adventurous progress ends peacefully, if not happily, in a quiet little Cornish village. Mr. THORBURN evidently knows his *locale* well, and has managed very skilfully to work into an exciting narrative some vivid pictures of our perpetual little wars with the hill tribes. At one point the Baron's Retainer thinks the author has made an artistic mistake—where, having brought his particularly unheroic hero into troubles that drive him to the last pitch of despair, he suddenly turns from narrative and apostrophises the luckless gentleman in terms of unmeasured reproach. This, considering that Mr. THORBURN himself has created him, and devised the imbroglio in which he finds himself, strikes the aforesaid Retainer as a little unsportsmanlike. Apart from this lapse, however, the story is well written and eminently readable.

My Baronite has conscientiously read through from cover to cover *The Patroness* (HUTCHINSON), and finds it a trifle tiresome. Mr. GEORGE has essayed to steep his story in the colour and atmosphere of Wales. He has succeeded. Unhappily the colour is akin to that of a slate quarry, and the atmosphere is dank and depressing.

*The Human Boy*, by EDEN PHILLPOTS (METHUEN), is a collection of papers intended to illustrate boyish life at an imaginary private school which has to a certain extent adopted some of the characteristics of Eton and Harrow. Many of the episodes are genuinely humorous, and as the connecting threads are of the slightest possible material, the book can be taken up at odd times, and any chapter will serve to wile away a spare quarter of an hour.

In *Giles Ingilby*, by W. E. NORRIS (METHUEN), we have a first-rate and most appetising literary dish, cooked and served up by an artistic adept at making the very oldest materials stimulating to the palates of the most jaded romance devourers. Here is a marriage which is no marriage, and a marriage which apparently was no marriage turning out to have been the genuine article; here also is a supposed illegitimate son suddenly transformed into a legitimate; here, too, is an apparently heartless flirt, who is all heart, in love with a literary genius who is diffident (a rare specimen), and impecunious (not quite so rare), and who is fortunate in finding a powerful friend, literary patron, and generous father, "all rolled into one." The hero has a saintly person for a mother who, having once on a time "made a mistake," has "never done anything since." In spite of the somewhat hackneyed plot, the story has a charm about it that will carry the reader through, interested to the end, though he will be occasionally irritated (as is the clever intention of the author) by the conduct of the heroine, who behaves worse than *Ethel Newcome* did to *Clive*; and, indeed, between that young lady and the present heroine, as also between *Clive* and *Giles*, there is a certain pleasant family resemblance. "Tolle, lege," says, to those who are "sub tegmine fagi" in this broiling August, the considerate

BARON DE B.-W.

"A STANDING NUISANCE."—"A Sufferer" writes: "Mr. Punch, Sir,—You are more powerful than any number of journals and journalists put together, and a word from you, in and out of season, works wonders. Sir, for the last few months not a hundred yards from my windows is a *dead wall*. It is very high, too. Why isn't it buried? Where's the sanitary inspector?"

THE "UNBENDING WILL," i.e., KAISER WILHELM.—His "Yes" is "Yes," and his "No" is "No": he's either KAISER WILLUM or KAISER WONTUM.



"IS YOU ON DUTY, POLICEMAN?" "YES, MISS. WHY?"  
"CAUSE I'M LOST!"

"MR. CHAPLIN'S CORN LAW" was a heading in a daily paper. "A CHIROPODIST'S ASSISTANT" writes to ask "Is there one law for MR. CHAPLIN'S corn and another for everybody else's? I pause for a reply."

[Note by Editor.—If our correspondent had only paused a little longer, instead of ringing the bell and running away, he would have received a sufficiently satisfactory answer. Will he kindly call again, and wait?]

QUERY FOR ERUDITE STUDENTS OF DICKENS (a contribution towards an "Old Curiosity Shop" Examination Paper).—If the mystery of the parentage of the Marchioness be not impenetrable, whose daughter is there a fair presumption that she was? State the grounds for your opinion.

A HEALTH-SEEKING Tourist is of opinion that of all salubrious spots in England the best to stay at is in Hertfordshire, and its name is Amwell. To every inquiry as to how he is, he can wire his reply, "Thanks, Amwell."

NAME! NAME!—In a recent speech Lord ROSEBERY is reported to have expressed his belief that "the swell of Liberalism was strong in the country." Who is "the Swell of Liberalism"? Is it Sir W. V. H.-R.-T? or *Fabula narratur de Rosebery*?

APPROPRIATE TO THE SEASON.—"The Summery Jurisdiction Act"—No bathers allowed without costumes or caleçons. By Order of the Away-from-Home Secretary.



## SONGS AND THEIR SINGERS.

"YEW HARKED ME WOY HOI LARVED WHEN LARVE SHOULD BE  
A THING HUN-DEE-EAMED HOF LARVE TWIXT YEW HAN ME.  
YEW MOIGHT HIN-TERRAT THE SUN TEW CEASE TEW SHE-OINE  
HAS SEEK TEW STY SAW DEEP A LARVE HAS MOINE."

## SOLILOQUIES.

(Recorded by Mr. Punch's Phonograph.)

## I.—IN A DARK-ROOM.

THERE, everything's ready, I think—developer, "hypo," water—so out goes the light. Perfectly simple to develop one's own films; far better and cheaper than sending them to WESTMAN'S.... Night-light in my red lamp seems a bit feeble—hope to goodness it won't go out. Now I must unroll the film.... Hang the stuff, how beastly curly it is.... Wonder if I'm cutting it at the right place? Must chance it. Now then, where's that book

of directions?... Bless me if I haven't left it downstairs, and, of course, if I open the door now all the film will be ruined!... However, I daresay I can remember most of it.... Let's see, was it two parts of "developer A" and two parts of "B," or two of "A" and one of "B"?... Something's coming already, black spots are appearing on the film.... I believe that's KATE, or is it a view of the church?... Hullo, there's some one—what? eh? What the dickens am I doing in your dressing-room? Developing photographs, and I chose it because it has shutters.... No, you can't come in. Time to dress, as you're dining out? Well, you should have

thought of that before.... Don't do that, you idiot, you'll burst the door open.... Just what you mean to do? Oh, nonsense, you'll spoil all my photos—ruin them!... Yes, I'll be as quick as possible.... Eh? Yes, they're coming out splendidly, splendidly. Do go away, please!... Confound that fellow JACK, probably he's made me spoil the lot.... Wonder how long ago I put this lot in the fixing-bath before he came and made that row?... But surely I ought to have fixed them first thing? Wish I had that book here. Well, I'll try fixing these before I develop them.... Daresay either way will be equally good.... Hullo, here's another bottle, labelled "Bromide of Potassium."... Wonder when that ought to be used?... Let's see, it's a sedative, isn't it? Doctors prescribe it for "nerves," so I'll put it in the fixing-bath.... Wish this red lamp would give more light.... I do believe it's going out! It is!... And here I am in pitch darkness, with some of the films fixing and some developing, and—There goes the developer over JACK'S hair-brushes! Where are those beastly matches?... Thank goodness, I've got a candle lighted at last.... I declare, all the film is coal-black, and not a sign of a picture on any of it! And I promised KATE half-a-dozen copies of her portrait!... Almost makes me inclined to chuck photography altogether. Anyhow, if I "press the button" in future, I'll be jolly careful that some one else "does the rest!"

## SOME OF OUR GUARDIANS.

## II.—TO ANTI-VACCINIA, FROM PRISON.

["If the Leicester Guardians, numbering forty-five of both sexes, refuse to carry out the order of the High Court, requiring them to appoint a Vaccination Officer in accordance with the law, they will render themselves liable to incarceration. MR. HAZELL, M.P. for Leicester, took occasion before the recess to warn the Right Hon. HENRY CHAPLIN that his constituents were of the stuff of which martyrs are made."—Daily Paper.]

WHEN Local Pride with whirl of wings  
Wantons around our wards,  
And half the flower of Leicester brings  
To ease our barren boards;  
When we stand fettered in a row,  
The fearless forty-five,  
I would not change my lot, O no,  
With any King alive!

When Guardians suffer under locks,  
Stout man and stolid nymph,  
Who scorned to check the good small-pox  
With Law's allaying lymph,  
Though vaccination's arts alone  
Could bid my body thrive,  
I'd not defer my final groan  
For any calf alive!

When BUNYAN-like for conscience' sake  
In loathed cells we lie,  
We hear the shout of Liberty,  
The microbe's low reply;  
Let Freedom's pure bacillus-seed  
In Leicester bosoms hive,  
I would not change our Midland breed  
For any germ alive!

Stone walls, to some, a gaol suggest,  
And bars a kind of cage;  
To us they seem the downy nest  
Of martyred saint and sage;  
A liberal boom we look to earn,  
The fearless forty-five,  
When palsied London wakes to learn  
That Leicester is alive!



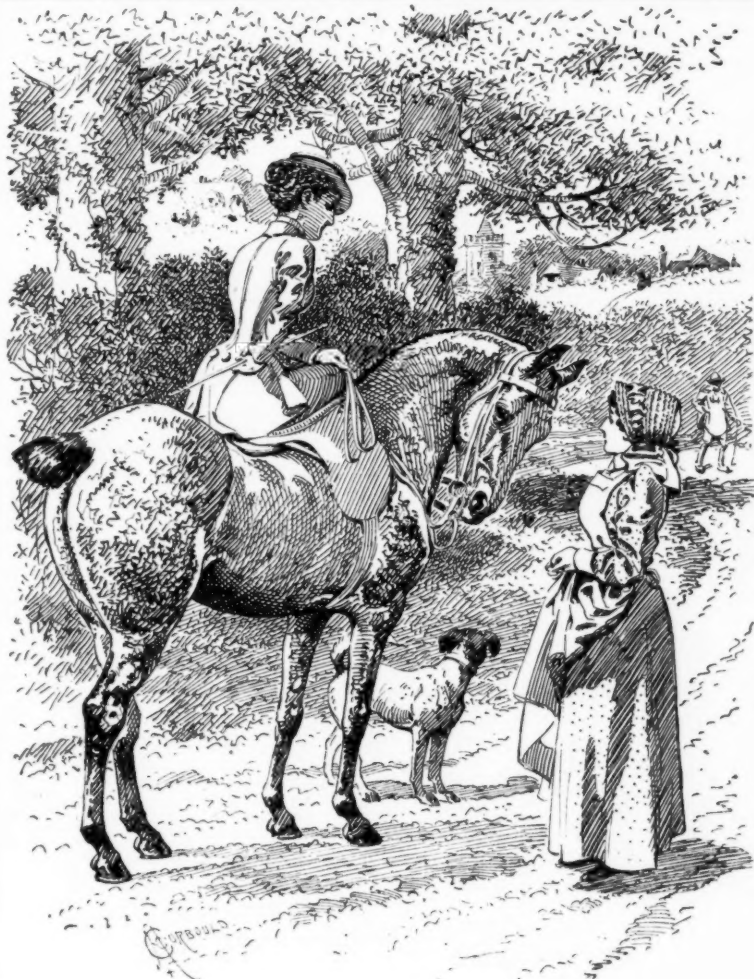


OPEN AT LAST!

RUSSIAN BEAR (politely). "COME IN, MISS. HOW COULD I KEEP MY DOOR CLOSED AGAINST YOU!"







*Squire's Daughter.* "GOOD MORNING, MARJORIE. HOW ARE THE TWINS, AND WHAT NAMES ARE YOU GOING TO GIVE THEM?"  
*Marjorie.* "WELL, MISS, WE'VE DECIDED TO CALL ONE 'KATE,' AND TH' OTHER 'DUPLIKATE.'"

#### WAY WE HAVE WITH THE ARMY.

(Fragment from a Military Romance.)

It was a magnificent sight. Battalion after battalion marched past with a precision that delighted the sight of the most experienced veterans.

"Capital material," said one General to another. "Such a body of men should give a good account of any foe pitted against them."

"Yes," acquiesced the other. "And it is perfectly wonderful that they should be volunteers—only volunteers."

"Only volunteers! Why our volunteers are the wonder of the world!"

"I spoke officially, Sir. The tone I adopted is strictly the regulation at Pall Mall."

"Certainly," admitted the first speaker. "We have our fleet, our splendid regular army, and 275,000 of volunteers."

"On paper. Again I speak officially, Sir—on paper."

"A magnificent object lesson! But there is no one to see them."

The volunteers were marching through a well populated place and yet there were no spectators.

At this moment a civilian, connected with the War Office, sauntered towards them. The General called the attention of the new comer to the absence of a crowd.

"Nothing remarkable in that. All the children are at school, all the women are shopping, and those above five-and-thirty are no doubt resting."

"But that leaves a large residuum," said one of the Generals. "What has become of the male population between eighteen and thirty-five?"

"Oh," returned the civilian with a smile, "their absence is easily accounted for. By the new regulations they are all serving in the militia."

"Why?" asked both the Generals at once.

And the riddle still needs unravelling.

#### "STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE."

"When Mr. Cook visited 'Sing-Sing,' the State prison of New York, although it was eleven o'clock in the morning, he found one of the convicts lying in bed, smoking his pipe and reading the morning papers."—*Law Magazine.*

WHEN I awakening do ring  
 My bell at dawn of day,  
 And the attentive warders bring  
 My breakfast on a tray;  
 When I do chip the brown egg-shell  
 And sip the fragrant tea,  
 The dudes that lounge about Pall Mall  
 Know no such liberty.

When on my couch reclined, I  
 My morning paper read,  
 Or lazily contented lie  
 With meditative weed;  
 When curling through my prison bars,  
 The smoke goes rolling free,  
 Princes that puff the best cigars  
 Know no such liberty.

When, with the festive lights all lit,  
 The friendly cards we deal,  
 And round the smoking-room we sit  
 In easy deshabille;  
 When double, single, and the rub  
 Go gaily down to me,  
 Cabbies that tippie in the pub  
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make  
 Nor iron bars a cage—  
 Such meanings they no longer take  
 In this enlightened age.  
 If we have every mortal thing  
 That can desired be,  
 Convicts alone in dear Sing-Sing  
 Enjoy such liberty.

#### "ARE APPEARANCES WORTH KEEPING UP?"

*H.M. Prison, Dartmoor.*

SIR,—I have been much attracted by the discussion of this subject. Personally I think with JOHN STRANGE WINTER that they (appearances) are *not*, and I intend to entirely alter, at the first possible opportunity, my own appearance, and to cut the uniform and establishment to which I am at present attached.

Yours obediently, BILL LAG,  
 his  $\swarrow$  mark.

*New Cut.*

SIR,—Why should I keep up appearances? I am summoned to appear before the Judge at Chambers next week. That is an appearance which, as a free born Briton, I refuse to make.

Yours obediently, A. SHIRKER.



PHIEW!

"The Metropolis is an exceptionally good place to be out of at present."—*Daily Chronicle, Aug. 17.*



SCENE—In a 'Bus. TIME—During the Hot Spell.

*First City Man.* "D—D HOT, ISN'T— I—I—BEG YOUR PARDON, MADAM, I—I QUITE FORGOT THERE WAS A LADY PRES—"  
*Stout Party.* "DON'T APOLOGISE. IT'S MUCH WORSE THAN THAT!"

## PHYLLIS.

IN minor strains I often sing  
 Of all JACK to his JILL is,  
 Addressing every little thing  
 To PHYLLIS.

Sometime she *was* my love, although  
 I cannot say she still is,  
 But now and then my lyrics flow  
 To PHYLLIS.

Confession of inconstancy  
 A very bitter pill is,  
 So every love in print must be  
 A PHYLLIS.

And she who is to me so dear,  
 My creed and law whose will is,  
 Can see her own reflexion clear  
 In PHYLLIS.

## VERDANT VERACITY.

[An American paper states that a young lady's hair has, by the influence of Mars, been turned green].

I HAVE heard of the noon  
 Turning black into white;  
 I have read of the moon  
 Making daylight of night,  
 But never have I any *demoiselle* seen  
 Whose locks by the stars could be made  
 apple-green.  
 I can only conclude that a lack of some  
 pars  
 Brought the journalist's mind 'neath the  
 dye-dream of Mars.

## WORTH THE MONEY (?)

(Scene from something like an everyday farce.)

*Secretary's Sanctum in a Charitable Institution.* Secretary discovered compiling list of donations. To him enter Female Philanthropist.

*Female Philanthropist (cheerfully).* And now I have come to settle up about that last entertainment I organised.

*Secretary (courteously).* Hope, my dear madam, it was a little more lucrative than your last effort?

*Fem. Phil.* Oh, much, much more! But then, of course, this time we had the theatre given us, with all the gas and attendants.

*Sec.* Most kind of the manager. Why, that was equal to a donation of something like fifty or sixty guineas.

*Fem. Phil.* Oh, quite! More, probably! Well, then we sold an album full of short stories and sketches and that sort of thing. Here it is. [Hands over volume.]

*Sec.* Why, my dear lady, if you had paid the contributors—I note they are of the first eminence—at the market value the sum would have run into hundreds of pounds!

*Fem. Phil.* I am sure of it! So good of them. And here is the programme of the actors and actresses who gave their services.

*Sec. (glancing at the document).* Why, again, the contribution in the aggregate

would be equal to a cheque of three figures!

*Fem. Phil.* So I have been told. And that being the case, it was a pity that somehow or other we didn't make more. The fixture clashed with some other function or it wasn't properly advertised or something. But here's the cheque!

*Sec. (looking at the draft with a blank face).* But is that all the amount?

*Fem. Phil.* Of course it is. We deducted something for indispensable expenses. But aren't you pleased. You see it is on the right side of the account this time.

*Sec.* Well, madam, can I do anything further for you?

*Fem. Phil.* Thanks, no. I think not. Stay. Perhaps, as you are so kind as to ask me. Will you please, when you next put my name in your reports and things of that sort, print it in larger letters? The type is not nearly big enough!

[Scene closes on the suggestion.]

## BREACH OF PROMISE.

(Left in the Hall of the Law Courts.)

THE gentle genius of the night,  
 Of course I mean Diana,  
 Made me dilate with rapt delight  
 To you, my fair SUSANNA.  
 But please don't think my words were true,  
 The moon played me a sorry trick,  
 Beneath the sun I write to you,  
 I merely was a lunatic.  
 You've mulcted me to a pretty tune,  
 I'll have revenge—I'll shoot the moon!

## PRIVATE VIEWS.

(By Mr. Punch's Vagrant.)

## THE OARSMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS OAR.

FAREWELL, dear companion of labour and pastime,  
 My hands shall encircle your handle no more.  
 This day on the Thames we were joined for the last time;  
 Our last racing stroke has been rowed, oh my oar.  
 And thus of the story that bound us together,  
 That made you my servant and kept you my friend  
 'Mid the chances and changes of temper and weather,  
 The last word is spoken, and now comes the end.

Many oars have I had—lo! these cups are a token—  
 Since first a raw freshman I splashed in a crew;  
 Their shafts may be warped and their blades may be broken,  
 But their staunchness lived on to be centred in you.  
 Lo! all these old oars that I lost with or won with  
 Return to remind me of failure or fame.  
 The traditions are yours of those blades I have done with;  
 The wood may have changed, but the soul is the same.

Great days of rejoicing and strength and endeavour,  
 When the blood galloped swift, and the muscles were taut,  
 So brightly they shone, that are vanished for ever,  
 My heart from their radiance a glamour has caught.  
 And still, though the grey in my hair be increasing,  
 Though the joints may be stiffened, the sinews unstrung,  
 The brightness is round me, and still without ceasing  
 I think and remember and dream and am young.

One day I recall when we hardly were ready,  
 The starter—who was he? odd rot him!—said "Go!"  
 And we splashed and we rolled all to bits and unsteady,  
 While some of us went and the rest shouted "No!"  
 But the cox in alarm cried "You must make her go, men;  
 Now, now let her have it!" and though we felt dead,  
 With a burst and a rush we just collared our foemen,  
 And held them and passed them and finished ahead.

And once in a Four—but I wouldn't have missed it,  
 That day when disaster diminished our pace—  
 We perceived in despair that our steering was twisted,  
 But we scorned to give up, and continued the race.  
 And our bow and our two made alternate concession;  
 One worked while the other he held himself in;  
 Their skill got the better of fortune's oppression;  
 They kept the boat straight and we managed to win.

The toils of long training how well I remember—  
 The boat was like lead and our limbs were as wax;  
 In the east winds of March, in the fogs of November,  
 When to row seemed a torture with stretchers for racks.  
 Yet all these old aches are a part of our glory,  
 These toils are a treasure by distance made plain;  
 Recalled and renewed they give point to our story  
 Of trials endured, and endured not in vain.

And all the old friends that I chaffed with or chaffed at,  
 Staunch oarsmen and gallant in sunshine or cloud;  
 Our DICK, our strong six, who looked daggers when laughed at,  
 Our TOM, who smiled sweeter as laughter grew loud,  
 And JACK, who took life as if life never mattered,  
 And MAC, of our crew the keen captain and star—  
 Long since by our fates we were hopelessly scattered,  
 But still they seem near me, though severed so far.

And I, of their band the last racing survivor,  
 I have rowed my last race, and I step from the ranks.  
 When a light ship is launched and they swing her and drive her  
 Henceforth I shall watch how it's done from the banks.  
 Never more, oh my oar, shall we grip the beginning,  
 Never more shall our finish ring clear as a bell;  
 We have done with our losing and done with our winning—  
 Farewell, true companion and partner, farewell!

OIL AND WATER EXHIBITIONS.—VANDYCK at Antwerp and  
 HOLBEIN between Cowes and Portsmouth. The latter got on  
 swimmingly.

TALI-EN-GENIO.—The conversion of Ta-lien-Wan into a free  
 port is the outcome of Russian Wisdom and WITTE.



## CRICKET PHRASES ILLUMINATED. No. II.

"ABEL STAYED ALL DAY AT THE WICKETS."

## NEWS FROM SOME FOREIGN WATERING PLACES.

SCHWIZZELBOCH is enjoying itself immensely. This lovely health-resort, or rather lovely resort for those who are out of health, is crowded with visitors—English and American. It is matter for curious consideration to think how vast a number of both nationalities are suffering from the same ailments. Of course, the accidental facts that there is hourly expected a Royal Duke, and that H.R.H. The Prince's rooms have been already ordered at the Imperial Grand Métropole (which, since this report got about, has been crammed from basement to attic at fabulous prices, as likewise are its two annexes and the smaller hotels in the town) have something to do with this. The Schwizzelboch water cure is working wonders.

The Royal apartments at Schwizzelboch have been countermanded, or, it is true to say, had never been ordered. Their Royal Highnesses are staying at Eggsbaden.

Schwizzelboch is deserted. It appears that the waters are not so quickly efficacious as had been supposed. The crowds of Americans and English have all gone on to Eggsbaden, the fame of whose sulphurous springs is rapidly spreading. All the hotels and annexes are full, and it is with difficulty that their Royal Highnesses can force their way through the mob of distinguished personages to the Splasherbad and Gulphausen to take the baths and the waters. I have not yet personally been able to approach the Royalties; and I am not like some of my countrymen and American cousins: I don't intrude where I'm not asked.

I find I was mistaken. The Royalties after all have not been here, except *en passant*, a fortnight ago, when they called at the Kur-Haus. They have gone to take the cure, I hear, at Zumwartzelzerwassen. Eggsbaden is empty. I don't wonder at it: the smell of the waters is atrocious; and the taste!!!! Ugh!!

BY A THOUGHTFUL STUDENT OF DICKENS AND CERVANTES.—(Note for Mr. Percy Fitzgerald.)—Pickwick was possessed by much the same craze for adventure as was Don Quixote. Isn't Sam Weller a sharpwitted cockney Sancho Panza?

COPYRIGHT AND COPYWRONG.—What has Mr. Justice NORTH to say to the Berne Convention? Why, "burn Convention!"

"A SOUND INVESTMENT."—Buying a piano, or a codfish complete.





### NOTES IN NORMANDY—CRENOUILLE AU NATUREL.

"OH, IF YOU PLEASE, SIR, BABY AND I HAVE NEVER SEEN IT DONE, AND WE DO SO WANT TO. WOULD YOU BE SO VERY KIND AS TO EAT THIS?"

### TWENTY HOURS AFTER.

EUSTON, 8 P.M.

I'M sick of this sweltering weather.  
Phew! ninety degrees in the shade!  
I long for the hills and the heather,  
I long for the kilt and the plaid;  
I long to escape from this hot land  
Where there isn't a mouthful of air,  
And fly to the breezes of Scotland—  
It's never too stuffy up there.

For weeks I have sat in pyjamas,  
And found even these were *de trop*,  
And envied the folk of Bahamas  
Who dress in a feather or so;  
But now there's an end to my grilling,  
My Inferno's a thing of the past;  
Hurrah! there's the whistle a-shrilling—  
We are off to the Highlands at last!

CALLANDER, 4 P.M.

The dull leaden skies are all clouded  
In the gloom of a sad weeping day,  
The desolate mountains are shrouded  
In palls of funereal grey;  
'Mid the skirt of the wild wintry weather  
The torrents descend in a sheet  
As we shiver all huddled together  
In the reek of the smouldering peat.

A plague on the Highlands! to think of  
The heat that but lately we banned;  
Oh! what would we give for a blink of  
The bright sunny side of the Strand!  
To think there are folk that still revel  
In Summer, and fling themselves down,  
In the Park, or St. James? What the  
d—

Possessed us to hurry from town?

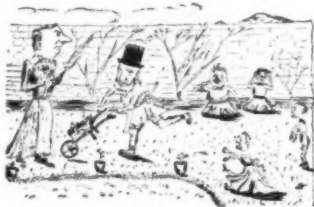
### GUP FROM GIB.

Gibraltar, Saturday.

MY DEAR MAMIE,—There is a fleet corld  
Meditranian fleet stoppin' about here.  
It is orful inkwistive it makes evrithing  
qwite brite with serch lites wen it didnt  
ort to be just so 's to see wot we 're doin'  
at nite wich aint nuffin to do with them.

Thare ar a orful lot of middies runnin'  
about heer thay ar drefful mischyvus.  
Thay aint allowed to have big sords like  
we coz thay ar so mischyvus and mite go  
pokin holes in other peeples ships.

In the mornin we orfen go and play at  
solgers on a dusty place corld North  
Frunt it is just like when you try to catch  
the dust in your mouth wen LIZA is  
sweepin out the kitchen only it feels a lot  
neerer to the uvven than Nurs ever allows  
you to go.



Weer still thinkin about goin to that  
place corld Afriker coz KROOGER says he  
Wont play with the Ootlander children  
and Nurs CHAMBERLIN says children that  
say Wont get smackt.

Thay ar orlways sendin us things wot

### "SWIMIMUS!"

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Bravo, "SPORTING NOTIONS," of the  
*Referee*, for his sage remarks anent education in the art of  
swimming being made compulsory in all our schools. There  
is one great and solid fact to back him up. In bygone years  
deaths from drowning were constantly occurring among the  
boys at Eton. Since "passing" for swimming (without which  
test no lad is allowed to boat) there has not been a single fatal  
catastrophe on the river. When I was at Eton I had to "pass  
in my clothes," i.e., I had to wear ordinary boating dress. I did  
so successfully, and afterwards won two prizes for swimming  
in the school contests. I feel very strongly on this subject,  
when reading year after year of the dreadful loss of life, which  
occurs from lack of natatory instruction. Even sailors in the  
Royal Navy are not obliged to be able to swim. It is the duty  
of the Government to insist upon drastic reform in this matter.  
There are more deaths from drowning than from hydrophobia.  
And, worst of all, many gallant men and women who can swim  
are drowned in cases of attempted rescue by those who can't.  
Let every boy and girl in Great Britain and Greater Britain be  
a "naut."  
Yours faithfully,  
OLIM ETONENSIS.

P.S.—The greatest of English kings learnt swimming, and  
evidently at Eton! Who has not heard of "The Passing of  
Arthur"?

The *Financial Times* states that "a branch of PARR's Bank  
will be opened at Margate." Will the name be slightly changed,  
to express the domestic character of the accounts kept there, to  
the "PARR-and-Mar-gate Bank"?

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S HARVEST PROSPECTS.—He hopes to hear  
the very best news from the Wheat-landers.

A "JOINT" COMMISSION.—Ordering your butcher to procure  
you a leg of Welsh mutton.

"A TRIAL IN CAMERA."—Being "taken" by a very amateurish  
photographer.

ar no good to us from the place corld  
Woroffis wot we wont is a duzen nice large  
icebergs bort from sumware ware thay  
ar cheep.

### DE PROFUNDIS.

In the recesses of the sea  
Month after weary month I've waited,  
While tedious matters tediously  
Your parliament debated.

On Old Age Pensions, Budget, Tithe,  
While they with futile pains were toiling,  
My huge dimensions, lank and lithe,  
I've patiently been coiling.

Now strikes (my time of darkness past)  
The hour for which I long was sighing,  
And now, that grouse may breathe their  
last,  
Thousands are northward hieing.

My sinuous bendings I unfold  
With long unwonted pleasure flushing,  
That once again I, as of old,  
Shall into print be rushing.

Alas, alack! what subjects crowd  
To give my rightful claims denial;  
Australian cricket, Transvaal's cloud,  
The endless DREYFUS trial.

And when by chance of all that fuss  
They of some columns make a clearance,  
Women and men must needs discuss  
About their own appearance.

Ah! then, ere holiday you make,  
Hear, Editors, my cry despairing,  
Grant the Sea Serpent space to take,  
Like you, his annual airing.

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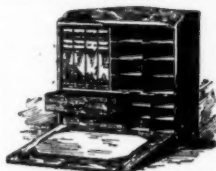
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